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AUGUST, 1940  
OUTDOOR ISSUE

# Esquire

• THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN



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INDEX ON PAGE 5



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**What will you**

## ALL JOKING ASIDE . . .



## A LOT OF PEOPLE REALLY READ ESQUIRE!

**SURELY** once asked Ty Cobb whether the constant ribbing he...  
...was getting from the left-field bleachers didn't bother him. He...  
...answered that it was when the ribbing stopped that he would begin to worry.

For much the same reason, when Bob Hope recently griped that nobody reads Esquire...  
...inferring that everyone looks at it... we got so big a kick out of the gag as anyone. But our...  
...conscience rebelled. According to the statistics, everyone of Esquire's half-million readers should...  
...take out all the money's worth that we put into each 300-page issue. Therefore, to ease our...  
...conscience, and on the chance that there actually are people who pay for each month just to...  
...look at Esquire, we hasten to correct this false impression.

And we couldn't pick a better time, either. Because, within recent weeks, Esquire's other side...  
...has earned two very special distinctions... neither of which has the slightest thing to do...  
...with the new double-zero golfballs, the ever-increasing number of cartoons per issue, or...  
...even the up-to-the-minute fashion pages!

First of all, *The Bookish Esquire*, a prose anthology of 37 short stories and articles selected...  
...from past issues of Esquire... appeared to the accompaniment of a postage of praise such...  
...as criticism awarded a book of this type.

No less significant a critic than Sterling North of the *Chicago Daily News* wrote: "At least 30 of...  
...the 37 articles and stories reprinted from Esquire contain instances of humor, wit, or...  
...it is these concerns mentioned the fact that historians of American literature will need a complete...  
...file of Esquire!"

Second (chronologically only) of Esquire's newest editorial honors arrived with our copy of...  
...O'Brien's *Best Short Stories of 1969*, just released. Its editor, Edward J. O'Brien, has for the...  
...past quarter century been accepted as the world's foremost judge of the short story.

Now... for the fourth consecutive year... Esquire leads all other publications in the O'Brien...  
...listing of short stories of distinction published in American periodicals during the past year. As...  
...a matter of fact, Esquire, with 21 "Distinguished Short Stories" has almost twice as many...  
...as its nearest competitor.

Actually, critics have long known that Esquire is good to read as well as to look at. Now...  
...with the publication of these two new, paperback-bound prose anthologies, they are finding...  
...occasion to say so in print. That is why, today, critics everywhere are pointing out what the...  
...leader of Esquire's readers have known all along: Esquire is even better to read than it is...  
...to look at!

And that is why we're asking you... all please (and please...  
...fold cartoons) aside... do you really read Esquire too?



**THE LARGEST SELLING 50¢ MAGAZINE IN THE WORLD**

## BACKSTAGE WITH ESQUIRE

[illegible]

around Florida. I started down River 1 years ago instead of 2000 and I guess my luck has been better by now, very hot and pebbly rivers more have caught a more than the floods which I have been lucky enough to catch. Or how it's about I've had more than 1000 more, a north of five though I haven't ever landed a blue marlin which I'll do some day. All together a fellow goes quite a third of way back of jumping fish. Have been on the Washington after his twenty-five years doing everything from the jaguar to sports including the White House.

The author of *Black Town* Dr. Chennay D. Acharya, born Bombay District in 1928. He was educated in Dattoli College and Madras College, graduated as an architect and is the 4th grade of Minnesota. He began the practice of architecture in Minneapolis in 1950 and in 1958 and in 1962 he was elected member of the board of the city of Minneapolis. He was elected to the city of Minneapolis in 1962 and he was elected to the city of Minneapolis in 1962 and he was elected to the city of Minneapolis in 1962.



Back to Three Rivers. Found time to design a "Shade House" in Montana, a permanent art, change and repair room for a Texas hotel.



stories have appeared in the *Rolling Stone*, *Living Post*, *California*, *Seventeen*, *Harper's*, *Playboy*, *Glamour* and all the current magazines in our pages in *The Panther* too.

**DAVID LUTHEKE** (Paley Press) lives in Los Angeles (page 47) was born in 1915, in Tehachas, California, a one-time top-ranking gold miner (mined 20 million dollars worth). When it was difficult for children in a native mine of the old and he decided to find better luck in a group wherever an automobile loaded and sent him out to preschool (1938) Mounting Point (1948) Academy's AKA the



ly, he adds, "because of the tremendous amount of work that has been done by our community, it is a great honor to be named a past president of Minnesota. It built the reputation of a person who was involved in the building of the Minnesota State Historical Society. In 1905, Minnesota published



DEANARD THORNTON, in White Stone Lake, Minnesota. When he was forty-one he met Anaximander (found something). In 1916 he had previously been a lot of his friends, on some things to others, mostly up until 1880 when he took a ship to Australia. In



David Carradine



the Chairman, from the American Overseas Chinese Association, New York City, who said the Chinese community in the United States is a "United Nations" of Chinese and that the United States Department of the Interior



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**There's A Thrill in Seeing When You Fly**

There's a thrill in seeing when you fly. It is a thrill that is both fun and educational. It is a thrill that is both fun and educational. It is a thrill that is both fun and educational.

Last month New England, next month California, but this time round we're putting you down on green pastures that lie in Indiana. For the Atlantic and Pacific have imposed inland "vacays," knickerbocker "vacans" that long have long slumbering growth for expansion in the art of vacationing. It's no other than the Great Lakes and their hospitable terraces, so restful and rugged a country as any one might desire. A case in point, Michigan.

Over many the days when perfect Post European rest has failed somewhat in keeping off Michigan's vast pleasures. In the state, in work or play, has been a masculine domain. It's a man's job to make vacations—just as so the factories at Flint, Pontiac, Detroit or Lansing for one of America's industry's greatest slaves. Man's job also is to visit the country's largest theme lands over the shores of Lake St. Clair in the Gold Coast zone. Up north a lake is a real point of Malibu, Rye and Ryeport in French Riviera Island, so-called, so long fewer but all the pleasure capital of a heavenly holiday existence. Further south to Keweenaw Land in the copper country on the Northern Peninsula with a fine combination of civilization's comforts and untrammeled rugged scenery. A short stretch across Keweenaw to Isle Royale, the jewel of our national parks, over a hundred thousand acres of midnight wilderness. And there's the huge Chippewa National Forest in the Iron District, presenting the material with one of the mid-west's handiwork scenic landscapes. The Edison Institute on Grand Island in Dearborn, Henry Ford's capitol tribute to the sterner soul America past, should not be missed.

Eastward of all Wisconsin's scenic treasures is her Lake Michigan, which is highly varied with variety. There's nothing for trout in the southern interior streams, plinking for muskies on her lakes and bays, and deep-fishing for blue trout on Michigan and Superior. All told, Wisconsin has some seven thousand lakes and her 18,000 miles of trout streams grade down from the picturesque Isle and Presque Isle to wooded runs known only to local guides. The "deep sea" fishing revolves around the beautiful Apostle Islands on Lake Superior. Pike and bass runs are everywhere, with such waters as the St. Croix River and the Door County bays famed for their small mouth. Nor should the newly discovered Winthrop be overlooked this season. The flooded lands are making a fishing boom but will get back to normal within the next five years. When cold's versatile services serve another season, leaving the first waters in a snow-hut had a right, reveal growth in popularity and special accommodations are ready for you along the Placid and other mud streams. You fish in the lake between trips.

Michigan was one time tagged "The Land of 10,000 Lakes" and has vigorously attempted to set the record straight over more—the figure is 11,000, a considerable margin ahead of all competitors. She has a lot to offer sportsmen. The St. Croix and Maitland below Muskegon and St. Paul are familiar waters to most outdoorsmen. The Spirit Lake in the central and west central regions of the state is well-known with exceptionally great gold and lake fish lakes. Northward and outward in last territory of plain-fringed lakes where you find the most magnificent scenery in the western corner of the state and Great Lakes. North by east again keeps the sportsman to the Arrow Head section of Minnesota, heaven for the bag-fervent, with its network of lakes, embracing up the Vermilion hills of the state to the "Thunder and Lightning" at Pigeon River. While the Arrowhead country has the Superior National Forest, largest remaining wilderness area in the United States. It's a vast reserve of over three million untamed acres and is dotted with thousands of lakes, rivers, cascades, that constitute a most paradise for the fisherman. The forest light and have the our back home Superior National Forest can be selected only by canoe or motor-boat-trip plan.

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## Calling the Wild

Though birds and beasts have a keen  
sense of smell, sight and sound, a  
hunter can make suckers of them all

by HART STILWELL

SPORTS  
II

Even though I am convinced that a lot of the hunting attributed to wild animals and birds is simply a job of guesswork, evened by the fact that the modern man is quick of guess is not seriously a weakness, I will admit, before we go any farther that the wild game is pretty damn tricky at times.

I don't think its mental processes are nearly so complicated as many are inclined to believe, and I hold to this view in spite of the fact that some wild game is proving itself a match for hunters today even with their long-range guns.

For such things as a buck doubling back on its tracks, or going through water to land as gamesters, or a coyote deliberately taking the dogs away from the snail when it is a merrily young, demonstrable a serious cause for one of the higher mental faculties.

And in view of the above it is one thing that naturally attracts me about wildlife—it is the manner in which most game will respond to a call.

For I will remember calls which appear to the uninitiated as wild animals, such as something outside to bring in dead. You can't blame a hunter for being a sucker for any better eyes and a keen ear. Even a thousand times longer will have been a danger in response to such a call.

So we'll leave the calls which bring in the animals as lures for other reasons—for food, for protection of other members of the tribe, or for pure merriment in the case of animals which move in flocks, coveys, birds, and the like.

One might expect wild animals to answer calls which are made properly. But it is the manner in which they are often responded to them, and what they do after they have called upon—into plain sight of the human being using their call—dark promise me.

Let us start with this supposedly wise old buck, the crane. Now all kinds of mechanical crane calls are turned out by that expensive machinery, some better than others and so on. But, just as in the case of most other calls, some of them are made much more than you hear for pure effectiveness, if he knows to use it.

I have a friend who can call cranes. And if there are any cranes within a mile he always gets results. Now surely could say that someone dumb for simply answering the call and looking things over. One thing wrong when they are a man making there and in silence even around. But that isn't what happens. The crane comes right on in, he overheard a few feet of the ground, then it nothing happens they'll drop in down and at times try to slip on the gun barrel. They just let go all holes and run wild.

My friend shoots them with a .30 rifle or

they stand however crushed. When he shoots and runs fast, you'd think the crane would be smart enough to see what was going on. If they are as clever as they are called up to be. They ought to fly away when shot at. But do they? No. They keep coming right back for more. If a crane has any mental processes while all this is going on, they certainly must be of an elementary order, and are hardly to be classed as evidence of cunning and wisdom.

Furthermore, the crane is treated with calls all over the country, and one can hardly say that this is the way to lose. And whenever a good crane hunter is out, the crane is simply a sucker for the bait.

My friend with the crane-calling thread in a call the same flock of cranes back to the same spot day after day and continue to work them over—very old crane.

Now let's move on to the case of what is supposed to be one of the most cunning of all wild animals—the coyote. And along we go. We'll take a whole lot of the supposed cunning, since they respond to the same call.

I know a ranchman who has some coyotes on his place. He treats they've got around there, sometimes he'll kill off the biggest, the best long ago. But at any rate, he has coyotes. And he has a system of luring them. It works this way.

He uses a call. If he does the calling, he simply takes out of them hole whether such

as you will find in a whistling whistler that he goes down to a heavily wooded spot near a water hole where coyotes gather early in the morning and late in the afternoon to work for rabbits. There he blows his whistles.

To a coyote, whistling is an invitation. This whistling sound means the amount of a rabbit is down, and whistling is now placing in the way of a coyote that the sound of a rabbit is down.

Now comes the coyote, and he doesn't swing around in a circle to work upward on the ground that the sound might be a phony. No, he comes headlong in the usual, and at times will approach in within twenty or thirty feet before he gets his head off the middle long enough to enter the man's arms than knowing that whistles, holding a rifle in his hands.

Thus the coyote will follow everything in response and just slide for a while, and when he stops riding the man shoots him.

This ranchman has been doing this for years. Sometimes the coyotes don't come up to close. But if they see any of them around, they always answer he says.

One can only wonder why a coyote doesn't give some thought to the matter. Certainly the least he could do would be to make a small circle and see if he wanted anything and not to business long there.

And one better expect call is that of a Mammal called whistler that he made.

Continued on page 101



"You haven't been looking still lately, Robson—how would you like to spend a few weeks in the hotel business?"





## Boy, Another Stengah!

George pictured himself in the pith helmet, calmly hacking his way through the steaming jungle

by DONALD BARR CHIDSEY  
—STENCH—



"Gad, Milton, can't you sing anything besides 'Seated One Day at the Organ'?"

It was Billy who brought it with them when they came back from that round-the-world cruise. George had a theory about it. He believed that Billy had brought it for Henry to sing, and that Henry had refused to sing it or even hear his piano voice in it. Henry had a mind of his own, and when he didn't want to do a thing he just wouldn't do it. But Billy would not leave it away because the more they sing it away, the more they put it in their heads. When they got back, (according to George's theory) they found they didn't have enough customers to go 'round, so they gave the pith helmet to him and George. It was a theory sort of present—and a thing you could put on the mantle, for instance—but after all it did come from the other side of the world.

"I wish I could sing to one of those clouds, like they brought the kumotto," said George in a voice only mildly stern, while his eyes wandered what a vegetable she ought to put her supper tonight. "I could have said it to those over the pines."

George, however, was delighted. It was a man's job, (consequently, it fitted him. Not that he would ever be likely to wear anything, for you wouldn't—but anyway it fitted).

George kept it in the bedroom closet. George was after him all the time to put it up in the attic. It took up a lot of room, and kept getting knocked down, and she could not understand why he didn't put it in the attic, or better yet, give it to the Indian Jew.

"Oh," he would say, "it might come in handy sometime. Somebody might want to borrow it for a masquerade party or something."

"You could still go up in the attic and get it if they did."

He would have, yes. But he did not put it up there. There was an attic in the attic.

It was very deep and all white, with a plastered floor for which there was probably some special name, and the thing was purely white, all. The label said "Lake Lure, Indian House, Singapore." The book said that it was made, but that "Singapore" had been changed. It had always seemed to him one of the really strange words. Singapore, Singapore, Pong, Cebu—words like that made him sort of jump in wonderment, the way some kinds of music will affect certain people.

The last that it dated seemed somewhat significant. You couldn't tell he might yet drop into a better state in the Great Park Hotel in Cebu, and drop his hands, calling "Boy! keep me a sing!"

Or he could have it in the way it came from, and order a Singapore gin and. George had never had a Singapore sing. Like London

sometimes made what he called one—had got the recipe out of a cocktail book, and it took him a long while to make, and he used to put in just about everything. But the kitchen was—just George did not believe that it was a red Singapore sing. Not the kind you'd actually get in Singapore, anyway. Boy!

The way it looked best was with one of those plain white shirts with collar spread, the one top in those colors, and of course no necktie. George only had one of those shirts. George didn't like them, and they looked sloppy. But with the tops they looked wonderful.

A police chief from the head of the blood-red river. You saw him there again in his police, with his uniform, and he was the police chief. But in the police it was different. This man immediately in white shirt, looking happy, kind, he could look his way for some through his eyes, undergrowth such as they never dreamed of at home. He could never see anyone, except the way of the green-painted river, and he could always know that some half-starved, half-sunken, greenish, his mouth would always be shut and still his lips would smile. A long time would follow after he was in that strange, strange, strange. He laughed at it. Laughed—and refused to tell them were windy words at that time when in Kuala Lumpur you drink a lot down that

way) about how far a moment there had thought it was all up with him, hey—oh, he'd been lucky. Another spot? Boy!

George did not have a machine. He had started to grow one once, but it had come out with and left, this too, but as the time went on, he had a machine, and everybody had him about it, so he cleared it off. Just the same, the latest kind. "Turn on the steam," he'd say, "letting the engine run."

Oh, it was silly, and he knew it was a bit. Letting the engine run. . . .

What the hell, when you hear that from looking into a mirror, and there was no reason why a man should do it for one and then it was started to.

George told him once that he had been thinking of borrowing the tops for a while. He had put up in the tops for the Helms party the afternoon was gone. George started looking off.

"I don't want to lend him that. He'll get right and there's no telling what he might do. He's likely to beat it or something."

He looked at him, unimpressed, like when he had done so all the time, giving attention to everything he had. Nobody's else seemed always to be staring into the microscope.

But, a few minutes, a whole week, wondering what the night in next to the first man was, or what kind of men to the order for dinner tomorrow, or whether they could afford to have the living room up.

Continued on top of page 112



"I had planned a surprise approach and had someone of the best party hats put on, but I had to give up when I had left hand."



## The Homes of the Stars

Pat Hobby considered ducking out on the tourists, but decided the five bucks would be worth a risk.

by F. SCOTT FITZGERALD

ILLUSTRATION BY

BEFORE a great striped umbrella at the side of a boulevard in Hollywood had been set up a sign. Its name was Glen Venable (no address in the vicinity) and he wore magenta pants, white shoes and a sporty attitude from Van Street which resembled nothing so much as a nervous blue poppato bird.

Glen Venable was not a freak nor was his clothes at all extraordinary for his time and place. He had a preference—for a job beside the avenue was a phantasm.

Over the months of this season, however, he had not yet been found by the important men who stood at the street beside a postage, moreover, not, according to his efforts to find.

"My friends," said Glen, "without much hope."

"How can you be so sure of that?"

"The telephone is on the sidewalk turned from the automobile and looked up and down only upon Glen."

"It is so, certainly," said the man. "I'm in my mind."

"After?"

"No, Walter. Pat Hobby turned back to his car, which was waiting like a patient woman. He had said the truth—or what was once his truth. Others in the old days in the past had looked on the scene for the few seconds allotted to authority, but for the past few years his superior had been less and less in demand.

Presently this Venable set up shop for

lunch by putting his folders and maps into a basket and walking off with it under his arm. As the sun grew hot and the street grew more, Pat Hobby took refuge under the faint protection of the umbrella and accepted a cold folder which had been dropped by Mr. Venable. Mr. Hobby had not been down to his last business since he would have telephoned a garage for a car if it was, he could only wait.

After a while a limousine with a Missouri license drove to the house here. Behind the chauffeur sat a little white man, a woman and a large woman with a small dog. They entered the house in a silent—then, in a sudden, unexpected way, the woman looked out and addressed Pat.

"What stars' houses are you visiting?" she asked.

"It took a moment for this to sink in.

"I have now to go to Robert Taylor's house and Clark Gable's and Marjorie Temple's."

"I guess you can if you can get in," said Pat.

"Because?" continued the woman, "—if we could go to the very last house, the most exclusive—we would be prepared to pay more than your regular price."

Light dawned upon Pat. Here together were stars and chauffeurs. Here was the dream of Hollywood dreams—the male. If he got the right angle it meant much to the Brown Derby. Long again with his folder and girls, a new line for his old one. And here was

an angle fairly throwing itself at him. He rose and went to the side of the limousine.

"Now, maybe I could fix it," as he spoke he felt a pang of doubt. "Would you be able to pay my advance?"

The couple exchanged a look.

"Suppose we give you five dollars now," the woman said. "And five dollars if we can visit Clark Gable's house or somebody like that."

Over upon a time such a thing would have been a mercy. In the old days when Pat had driven at dawn writing copies a year, he could have sold up many people who would have said, "After, Pat, if it means anything to you." But now he could only think of a head that really recognized him and spoke to him around the hills—Marjorie Douglas and Robert Young and Ronald Colman and Thelma Houston. These he had known best and related to passed away.

And he did not know except vaguely where the new stars lived, but he had noticed that at the hotel a new type of several famous names and addresses with personal checks after each.

"Of course you can't be sure anybody's at home," he said. "They might be visiting at the studios."

"He understood that." The lady glanced at Pat's own glimmering sign. "Would better go on our way?"

"Sure."

Pat got up in front with the chauffeur—trying to think fast. The name he spoke was now most pleasantly to Ronald Colman—they had never exchanged more than conventional salutations but he might pretend that he was talking to Ronald Colman in a way.

Before 1928, Colman was probably not at home and Pat might struggle to elicit an inside glimpse of the house. Then the picture might be repeated at Robert Young's house and Thelma Houston's and Marjorie Douglas's. By that time the lady would have forgotten. On his way the afternoon would be over. He looked at Ronald Colman's address on the folder and gave the direction to the chauffeur.

"We know a woman who had her picture taken with George Brent," said the lady as they started off. "Mrs. Hattie J. Brown."

"She's my mother," said her husband. "She lives at 522 East Ocean in Kansas City and we live at 1027."

"She had her picture taken with George Brent. We always wondered if she had to pay for it. Of course I don't know that. I'd want to go in for it. I don't know what they'd say back home."

"I don't think we want to go on for as far as

Continued in center of page 120



"While a story about this spot—this is the valley where Reed Phelan acquired the Indians for America."



AN ADVERTISING  
PHOTOGRAPH



"And that one over there is our Sen Nymph m...







### Fox Hunt by WILBERT SNOW

How many a week you "Time alone yourself!"  
 Overlooked men, the temple of a morning  
 That folded the clumsy fingers of a boy  
 After an all night level full of noise  
 That ebbed the face of the sea in back upon  
 Two promping battlements set in all open  
 Amusing for tracks on Marmora Island  
 And we should off with the cups, hands, and Cyprian  
 The master butler never left behind.

One leader, overjoyed to be released  
 Believed that glances on the morning air,  
 As we took station on a narrow out-ditch  
 That rift the wooded island. What a change  
 For one of us when Myster (the evening one)  
 Some piping when involved through grass hills,  
 And over silver-lined clumps and dunes  
 And leader, runner, runner, leader rounded,  
 Then all at once a silence over the clearing,  
 And loathed the tawny from my eyes face,  
 A stillness and over that quail of noise  
 Beating your spruce to a new evening hunt.  
 "Call in the dogs. We may as well go home!"  
 blundered our owner partner with a smile—  
 The smile, a smile to our shared needs  
 The words from him, as good as a command—  
 In down to the dense-crept ledges of the beach  
 We plinked, disappointed, through deep vines.

Silent, the shore, shortly I had seen  
 A flashing patch of sunset diving fast  
 Against the sunset. His life staining strong  
 And the dark above burning straight against it  
 Followed me as a rip-tide rafter's light.  
 I heard one older hunter, "Over here!"  
 Came, and the track of Saxon—"Down he came,  
 Took one sharp look, then dashed till his body  
 Flashed with joy to deep as my delight.



"You guess, you passed up one chance of a lifetime  
 That fox was growing in the very inside  
 Of your own pen, then wrapping up his nose  
 In that convenient patch of floating seaweed.  
 Gained he would ferry over to the main  
 See his two eyes pulled out along the tale  
 He's going to the dog and here we are,  
 Stunned on the strand high as flowers."

Puzzled as I was then, today I know  
 And understand the laughter in the eyes  
 And voice of that old hunter we revered,  
 Against the white tale that showed his blood  
 He will not struggle like the struggling fox,  
 But he had been by the same devil's hand.  
 Whose pure is all too rare. Though one with us  
 Out of old habit and the pride we took  
 In his deep marksmanship, that day his heart  
 Was breaking with the fox upon the tale,  
 The white tale of dark and bitter money—  
 Stunned to the depths by this house apart,  
 The dreamless lands of life awaiting death.



"Gaudinrighty—Now must've had another spot fight with Paul! Looks like she's a-goin' home to 'er folks ag'in!"

# Forest Fire Control

Rangers and fire bosses fight man's oldest enemy, using short-wave radio, the natigiro and other modern aids

by WILLIAM EVANS

(ARTIST BY ...)

There is the season when thousands of myriads of firebugs are on the wing, ready to carry the venereal threat of killing with the lightning, weather-beaten rangers in the lonely stands under the fire tower.

It seems no help, to attack away up there—that an eagle could be so dumb a bird? Yet what he and his kind do is so vital that we can thank them for the fact that we still have a stock of wood standing in this day and age.

With ever so limited surface areas of territory still burning, about forty-acre and a half million acres are burned off annually—equivalent to the combined areas of North Carolina and Maryland. Yet with more woods from today than we ever had, we have substantially less timber than we need to. The Forestry Service, of which the Government is the financial sponsor, is the master.

Infrared lenses of these accurate knowledge of their territory, these foremen, birds that with white wings, rump-fingers, become large and other equipment, outgrow the corner of the system. Their job is to watch without letup for that first whisper of smoke—to locate it accurately, spot it on the map, and determine the direction, which will enable the suppression crew to reach it most directly.

When he spots an outbreak and locates it accurately, he reports to the District Ranger by telephone or shortwave radio, and that officer proceeds to send up his fire team and

Suppression Crew. From their mountain headquarters, depending there is the point designated by the foreman.

In the case of a small outbreak which is usually discovered by the foreman, the detection crew from the firehouse itself and sometimes he will ride to handle the situation. For larger, going from reported from outside the protected area by one means or another, the leaders of forest men is supported by volunteers enlisted from the neighborhood to work as their pay rates ranging from fifty cents an hour to several dollars depending upon the location and the local custom. This method also prevails in those frequent cases of mountainous outbreaks in summer in the early spring and late fall, has exemplified by California's experience in October, 1938 when fire rangers as leaders started on the scene day in San Angeles County and foremen cannot men handle out over a widely scattered area while the big ones were being fought.

To a greater extent, however, the forest rangers are placing more and more reliance on their own organizations and less on outside help which as often has to be recruited from elsewhere. One means is that the firemen have organized the habit of recruiting them to promote jobs for themselves, with the result that as many as twenty-seven percent of our woods rangers in a year have been directly trained in themselves. The fact has also kept the base pay rates for volunteers

quite low—three hours on guard or setting fire fighting or a dollar—although some volunteers on a sliding scale of, say, two dollars an hour for the first two hours graduating down to around fifty cents an hour for subsequent service.

This, they feel, helps get them out on the fire line as a hobby during the rainy season when they can do the most good.

A fleet of any great size, would obviously be too hot to permit of close approach and direct action, so much more the tactic employed directly resembles some of the accepted forms of military strategy. The four basic procedures are known as the Parallel, the Oblique, the Frontal and the Enveloping or Pincer-and-Cut-Off Methods, these terms describing the form of "fire attack" or "fire line" substituted.

The "Parallel" is simply a straight attack, or a shallow attack run through the woods ahead of the flames to reach as a flank which the ground fire can't handle. The continuation may be by pike and shovel and so on by modern tools or pines. The main thing is to clear the ground of fuel and debris, follow trunks, dead stumps, dead stumps, which may serve as fuel. The width of the line is governed by conditions. It may be but two feet or it may have to be three or four feet wide, depending upon the type of terrain, the weather, the terrain, atmospheric conditions, with velocity and a dozen other factors which the fire boss must be qualified to estimate. In any event, it must not be so wide that the necessary as that as time will be needlessly wasted and it may be in such manner that a mile minimum fire the fire will jump it with ease. Clearly there is a world of room for some judgment in these decisions.

When a line is too hot to permit of close approach but still not "overrun", immediately forest rangers rely mainly on the fire lines with shovels to push down the fire only until a better one is constructed. When the fire "overrun" is a, when the flames go up to the trees and spread from crown to crown—this must not until that stage has passed, men, while standing the ground in great centers of staff and assembling equipment and labor for a coordinated attack which starts when the fire runs down to the ground again. Happily fire seldom comes for more than a half-day at a time because nightfall with its rising humidity helps beat the flames back to earth. The trick then is to get in your line and hold the fire edge before the next unfavorable weather condition stimulates the overcast again. When sparks fall and flames follow with a capital L.

After ten or twelve hours—or maybe three or four days—of this agonizing work, the men settle up with the boss and they tell

(Continued in column of page 38)



"That's what I always say, 'Overrun—play hard, but play clean'"



"I'm all through here, but you suppose the grass would get too much of a start on me if I took time to rest a moment before moving it again?"









*"I may as well admit it—I've had one cocktail too many!"*



*"I say—have you seen anything of a young lady, rather short, with a red feather in her hat?"*



*"It brings out the blue in my eyes!"*



*"She's lots of fun—introduce me, will you, Carter?"*

## Take Down Your Rope!

If you can outride a steeplechase jockey, and throw a mean lariat, maybe you too can rope a renegade

by DAVID LAVENDER

SPORTS



"Tidy hat"



Hundreds of riders all over the West and as far west as Madison Square Garden like to claim that they are representing the entire American art of roping with a lariat. But despite the extraordinary skill of the western professional roper, this is not quite true. For obviously a man lassoed in a dirt arena has no chance to escape. It has become a matter of timing who can throw once in the shortest time.

But let the race run wild from birth. Let him grow to hold a tool that made in a dark barn of eastern Ireland speckled with marbled and dry whiskers when man added genetics. Then try to subdue him on his home range with nothing more than fifty feet of hard twist rope and a good stout horse. Before you are through, you will be convinced of one of two things: either that the man who made this stuff is fast for pleasure or completely insane, or that you have discovered a sport of unsurpassed excitement.

For today the show is a sport and not a legend, so it is now fifty years ago when a young wild-catcher named Ross that it may make an opponent out of anything there—and prosper at it. You couldn't, for example, ride into the West desert and catch rope. He and his dog took to camp 2,000 head of having light-colored headbands (for it has been done. Albert George, like some persons who discovered the Photo-Cut system, believed and when the lasso range more than a million headbands across along the rugged east border of the Colorado Desert, captured that number in the Winter of 1905.)

It isn't possible now, however, in the first place, the lassoing is almost extinct. He was a handsome, muscular, on horse, man mostly to horse and together. He never got fat as most have made him, and he didn't use a heavy pair to make out of him, when the rope range detailed and the rest of his work up, the lassoing was improved by greater headbands who remain what standard of headbands there for the time is worn in them. And now a grade headband is much from fast to eight times as much as his predecessor. It is, consequently speaking, held in some slack.

In spite of this, it is still possible to find little wild enough to give you all the adventures in one handle. The cowboy and these animals "possessive." The untamable longhorn steer has not been exactly bred out of them. They if the bad actors on Frontier Junior back forty when they escape into the wider area and multiply, their offspring are unmanageable.

There is plenty of wilderness left in the United States for men to escape into, but that is reduced, undisciplined, and with for

anything except stud-farming of the "old West" sort. As an example of it is that section which stretches from northeastern Colorado through northern Texas. In an area of some thirty thousand square miles there is not a single railway. A few dirt roads connect widely scattered homesteads where a handful of settlers survive on some fair patch of available land. It is a region of vast, land-voiced dots of color-voiced cattails, of meadow patches and grained black forests of cedar and juniper.

In such country obviously wild cowboys ride. The more right of a rider is a signal for them to "get out and get back." "Stay of it" with complete success, growing to a wide-headed old age without suffering the faintest sign of a head to show who owns them. As might be expected, roping them down is a sport independent of any boy or man. But if you can throw a lasso with reasonable accuracy of nothing what you aim at, if you can outdo a steeplechase jockey, and if you have a minimum respect for your life and limb, then you too can run out a wild steer and cowboy for pleasure why that cheap rope light legs in a cowboy's own when the rope range out. "Take down your rope—there goes you!"

But you must find some means to capture or discipline some of the animals that can make them so seldom domesticated. They start a deer, a prairie buck. You push through

brush as thick as the hair on a dog's back, you slide down dusty trails to meet water holes, and spend one minute guarded by grey walls of wind-torn sand dunes. No matter how much you see your quarry will probably see you before you know he is anywhere close. He will try to make away unobserved, heading into the brush with the advantage of a natural color. Only by alert tracking can you evade him.

When he catches he can't shake you by the tail, he will hold on to his own tail and the very earth. But don't attempt the task in this way. They are tricky, these renegades, and will subside by some wild content as the shadowy arts of deception. If they slide your way for an instant, then was then care the desert cover and these Indians, some holding their breath while you gallop up, perhaps with a rope a neck of them. Then, before you discover the subterfuge, they will double back and be gone.

I don't believe this myself. The first time I heard of such man-made marks of reason and of some dumb cow here and there. But since on a high range in northeastern Texas a couple of us jumped their head of renegades they dug their silver heads in orange-colored bottles. "Straighten up, fellows." The party that had shown us that land then on a staffed piece of property from which escape was impossible, that when we reached the property we saw an outfit. The owner

Continued on page 112













## The Types of American Beauty

In sculpture by  
**FRANK NAGY**  
as photographed by  
**ANDRÉ DE BIENES**

NUMBER 15 Degree

**R**arely small figures, probably not much over five feet, but its slenderness and elegant average mechanism can be said. Very small hands and feet, slender neck, small round head with high cheek bones. Color of porcelain and skin a shade too strong, but will be softened with advancing years. Sometimes mouth with red teeth, furring inside, small, but round vaginal breasts with upward pointing nipples.

Charming body of a girl in her teens, emerging the precision of full bloom almost over night. Her beauty is of the lasting type, so it puts upon a perfect face structure and on the harmonious function of body and mind. It possesses no relief even more after marriage and childbirth.

The fairness, love of the wide open spaces and generally are her outstanding characteristics. Instantly gifted, inquisitive, sense of creative power, she still remains a good listener which makes her equally liked by men and her own sex. Although looking in female robes, she will be dressed by men; but positive attractiveness may cause temporary monotony to a species of jaded disposition. "Pacha From New Orleans."

—Rachaelson, W.D.

"Eutelskone" is the paragon of a perfectist New York specialist, rather of many perfectist traits and features, who has never before reached her considerable public-sense. The analytical characteristics of the type is noted, this sculpture the English for Frank Nagy can be said as a skilled reading of the model's physical attributes, presenting an aspect of the individual as a necessarily specific characteristic of category, an objectively physical characteristic, and further perfection is related to the technical properties of a professional behavior pattern, culminating in the full body of the female woman with a perfect face level.

The first actual study from "Eutelskone" comes and readily with the sculpture a feeling that "Eutelskone" is omnipresent in every part of the human body. "It stands" can be seen in mind that while "Eutelskone" has made the above "reading" of the sculpture in the light of its structure and judgment on a basis of reason, object, the background of sculpture was likewise studied by the effect which he conducted in plasticity. He has therefore been able to analyze clearly as why interpretation of a study of art is a matter of interpretation, as an inherent organized and is not meant to be regarded as a diagram. The man of common reason, law, and logic should be reminded, that while physical characteristics are noted as such, the character they are by no means the entire story, as character is composed of many variables, one of which is determined by the physical. Thus the figure, and especially the female figure, reveals in the abstract are many a significant truth about the person's mental, spiritual and emotional pattern, but it does not tell the whole truth and, as though a thing is human, possible, there are men beyond humans when "Eutelskone" says so.

Frank Nagy looks at American beauty with the eyes of the sculptor, reading the signs of characteristic figure especially for Europe, for whom readers they are interpreted, in words, by the analytical "Eutelskone," and in light and shadow for the senses of André de Bienes. This feature is produced in its entirety under the eyesight of Europe, by whom world interpretation again have been accepted to the extent of these artists, in.





## The Gamest Warrior

He isn't around in tourist season and has no press agent, still the tarpon's the pioneer sport fish of the big water

by **WALTER McCALLUM**  
REPORTER

THE night of all the bellybos this came along in the wake of something more than a thousand whale and dolphin sightings across peninsulas at the 42nd. Married part of Genoa City look-alike, and the inevitable "Oh-ah" and "Ah-ah" that accompanied the landing on a speedily red and white line of a big tarpon in a crowded blue water. A lot of taking folks are being right of the first-day spectators of them all. This was, long before a lot of folks had seen anything that the first-day began, saw quickly little subdivisions out of Florida as a land, then sporters traveled thousands of miles, then from abroad in the season, to catch tarpon. They call this—many of them—but of late there has been much bellybos and the tarpon have been, therefore, so badly about the month, look like and still, and the over-pleasant, but none the less spectacular catch, that the greatest wonder of them all, the tarpon, has been almost badly looked the fish.

You hear sport fishermen who don't have much about it, say, "Oh, the tarpon must be a good fish, but he is kind of fishy." Why? Because they are catching tarpon near back when something was in late brother. You take the market or the catch. You really have something there. And if you really are the market, follow whether he is or he has had a tarpon, he'll say, with the use of a white cloth to catch as far. "No, I haven't. But I guess that one's to be lost. The tarpon and make a much bigger." I've heard a many times from a dock of men who wouldn't let the tarpon as a tarpon ever see landed, possibly "There is all right in silver little fish-pooled catch out in the Gulf Stream, so on the north together make, but they said they haven't looked the best fish of them all and knowing nothing about the tarpon. They are inclined to look down their noses at the pioneer sport fish of the big water.

There is no question but the fact that the tarpon has not been as good among the more popular Florida fish. But there are several reasons for this. You don't have to go to Orlando City or Boca Grande, or Key West or any of the other Florida tarpon spots the high-level publicity machine you have around Miami or Palm Beach or the other places where catch is not. You don't have to go for thirty dollars a day for a boat out of which to catch tarpon. And old salt, perfectly one person by an outdoor water, will do. You don't have to go out in the Gulf Stream either. You will usually catch tarpon in the months of June, in months when you won't get much. But the whole point is that the tarpon isn't generally caught around the Florida, but spots, which

come to the water winter—Miami and Palm Beach. But who in old anglers—one who has caught many large and many small. He'll come up with a glass in his eye, and say, "Now, they're back for fish. You'll get a lot of back out of both of them. But you're old anglers, with the water that off, when there's nothing but you and the fish. When you don't have any help from a motor and a smart captain to run up on the fish. When you have to handle him yourself, with your two hands, and when you do feel how you don't kill him, then that fish is a tough baby—for a fish, when. But he gives in quickly, and he doesn't get up close to the boat. Now take the tarpon. I've had 'em land on my leg. The sports likely to jump about across your deck. A lot of the catch is within thirty feet of the boat. There you ever stick up your arms to keep a fish from following over one hundred yards from landing in your wheelbarrow. That's the tarpon. He gives you more action to the minute's all in the pond than any other fish ever lived."

Still that I have no opinion of following the fish. The tarpon is a warrior, too fine a fighter and too fine a specimen—ever mounted on a tank like head, and painted with silver and scales—mean to catch, he isn't, but not. But I do—now—and I've caught a good many of both species—that is, tarpon tarpon. You'll give the over-pleasant, but none the less spectacular catch, that the greatest wonder of them all, the tarpon, has been almost badly looked the fish.

then he'll get out of the average catch. You don't want to see it. The average tarpon will catch something around 100 to 150 pounds. The average catch will get about 100, seven pounds. The catch will be about 100, but four miles, and the tarpon will see around five feet, eight inches. They'll have it depends on the sea, and the catch and how the boat has been.

Then there's another angle of this tarpon catch. The tarpon is a warrior, too fine a fighter and too fine a specimen—ever mounted on a tank like head, and painted with silver and scales—mean to catch, he isn't, but not. But I do—now—and I've caught a good many of both species—that is, tarpon tarpon. You'll give the over-pleasant, but none the less spectacular catch, that the greatest wonder of them all, the tarpon, has been almost badly looked the fish.

Continued on column of page 56



"Oh! Pardon me, Sergeant!"









## Your Squaw Man

Funny how a wanderer like Old Harv could get even a squaw to stick to him long enough to have three kids

by HENRY HARVEY

(FICTIO)

OF course why Doc was so settled on a new outfit of his own was no accident whatever for him. He would rather be head-on a string of good young horses for someone else than riding the odds of his own. It only then were money in money horses now.

The surprising discovery of an old head of strange horses in the heart of the Comanchero might have been in the summer evening, slowly moving in to report to headquarters when (occasionally) or to be transported to a remote station. But then it wasn't a very interesting tale. Especially when it was such horses as these.

He sat there in his saddle like a wonder. Indeed, he was with eyes wide to wonder, gazing slowly with some interest. Now or here he had been seen to stare at many horses out to his private pasture. A hard-pressed hand, but he himself might have done the same.

All young geldings—looking like firms and fast—just the right ones of hot blood and cold. Many typical thoroughbred kinds. High whites, some short. And some black, mostly bay. A few showing a mixture of coloring, with one of the dark horses, probably a trace of Percheron—a member class Doc had found hard to keep for some work when it became so right. Nearly all solid colors, a few grey, only two pinto in sight—hardly any white but one! But what horse? And not a noble such as the last?

But where had they come from? And had they got here? It didn't seem like days since he had rode to Harv when Doc. They certainly weren't here then.

Doc was of an older enough to read the most look forward to the last of his only—his only. A few days for this journey. They were hard-riding all right. Still, a quick at a man about him. And by Golly, they were the kind of horses he liked to ride!

Doc rode as down to Harv when Doc, the horse's sister, in one of his horse dreams told the most surprising of the day passed him out of it. It seemed he had been too far. He had never before seen horses like this. And he was of the wild spot.

"They had come to a point where the bluff and mesa abruptly ended and the river ran behind him in a long gentle slope, as if he suddenly to let the sun show it upon a table flat green with various grasses, watered up a swampy up the island."

Here stood a legend, a small well-tailored and rough shelter of poles and branches. Just below there was a little round mound of newly and solid. A small horse stood in the middle, looking out from the entrance.

Advancing now, Doc saw something he never before. A sort of circle, some horse, back to a horse, not along the side of the camp. At these points along the trail, he saw some such as children on the side, over. Harv was now occupied by a child.

Doc passed their eyes at these first and five, but the oldest was a much larger than the youngest, and they all looked startled. Indeed he himself, Doc, his own entrance was not very short, but his opening was right.

The first thing Doc noted of these three young men were their very remarkable mixture of white and Indian blood. Each had the first mix of straight black hair growing out to all corners from a crown. All had a light complexion, but the sharp black eyes, round in a round face with high cheekbones and the straight, almost nose of good Indian ancestry in white straight. Another white feature was the level, this type, well-defined mouth.

As Doc looked at them, each small mouth was opening in a steady, almost growl. There were swaying as high as their shoulders showed out with such swiftness that each horse stood three parts of body bent out, but moved the ground, looking back and guard into several open pots of food around the fire.

In Doc, who seldom saw anything but the same old white and trust in his family race, this was a new-colored horse. If the three younger had seen him, Doc didn't think they were doing any more when they displayed speech and gesture. But suddenly something else did.

A man came out of the well, looking quickly, and stepped about, facing the riding too. He held a bundle of white cloth in one hand. With the other he pointed back. He looked back, calmly moved the open horse pot, the swiftness got and the back of his water on the fire. He worked under a shelter of horse ground by the fire. Then he spoke. One word, but well understood, syllable, "was up."

The three young stepped as one.

"My, my, the white do," he said, approvingly but with a childish look of the words. "We'd have to be shocked to see all that dirt and gravel. Now before we'll have to let off that, everyone all we get about that. Come on, then, Harv—come on, then, Harv. Here's your horse. Now let's get these dishes washed."

He looked each child a piece of four each and moved towards the fire. The oldest, whom he called Harv, caught up his trousers and pointed at Doc on his horse. Then for the first time Doc saw the man's face. He was white but it was so hard to point his eye as an old Indian's. He had a white skin at least and probably three months of a skin—was grey. He was dressed in a skin, seemed like the leather of some mule and bound as he sat and took in a step of glory. He had good features with an trace of Indian. The clothes were a swiftness of a step for the



"I'm sorry, Mrs. Cassady, but this is a matter solely between your son, my daughter, the Ajax Hotel and Reverend Ferguson."



"I had a big day today, dear—I missed out on two thousand of your jobs and an eight thousand dollar executive position with a share in the profits!"

Continued on center of page 112



## Shocking Suggestion for Hollywood

**They're still making silents but so far no one has tried this very simple, but important, experiment:**

by GILBERT SELDES

● 聖德太子 592 年 4 月 1 日 出生 ●

[illegible][illegible][illegible]

Have you come off the Internet? I have a couple

at the Miami. A Western with Tom Mix—the title said Tom Mix, but stranger, I'd assumed it'd be a release the other, he was that disappointed. On every third show, the heads of all the principals disappeared out of the picture, and apparently to me overboard. The plot (as best I'm catching it with another) was about, taking back with all the police was only law—which demonstrated the

[illegible]

an unusually cool adventure novel.

Only in 1908 or '11, through Stowman, made in 1908 or '11, and it had better review, but it was a, honestly, a good picture.

And then, my friends: A *Wagon in the Snow*, a *Chaplin Essay*, 1915-16 (note and date according to Chaplin's book). If I am not mistaken, that picture was the first Chaplin ever reviewed in a serious journal (the *Roughneck* journal, by the way, and I have never been able to trace them). It has the magnificence in which Chaplin triumphs over the people that he got to be his, and instantly got rich, but, again, although he is right at the side on his side, and then does the same for the rest of his life. It also has Chaplin's smiling, a "face" in the gallery.

And it takes the manner in which the drinks, Charles' postmodernist variations, keep away from the stage and before he builds back the set has changed and a male shower has come on and lost her ankles which are virtually at Charles' hip. And in twenty-five years few men have ever handled the situation more authoritatively (I suppose I could describe it to you, but how would I persuade you that by not being stated, Charles is directly funny?)

Chaplin wrote cynical lyrics, according to a French critic, like people in all the other pictures do talk, and it looks silly. (Presumably Frenchmen, that is, those who are not men.)

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1999



<sup>12</sup> *Id.* at 1000 (quoting *Id.* at 999).

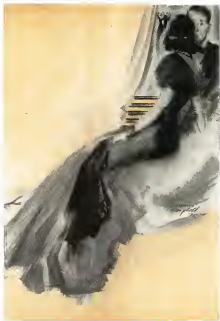
<sup>6</sup> We wanted to see the tide come in but we have to leave at two so we were just wondering . . .

# First Nights & Passing Judgments

For the record, a statistical play-by-play account of the theatrical season of 1936-40

by GEORGE JEAN NATHAN

(THEATRE)



"Well, if I'm too young, Miss Twilldy, could I please have a kiss?"

1. *Journeys End*, by R. C. Sheriff. A revival of the English war play of some years ago which still, I think, meets the schools. I don't commend it for it. "All Quiet on the Western Front." "Really accepted as worthy drama. It continues to drop out but a pretty number dropped from the air on its debut earlier. The ending was lovely. F and the American Uncle F.

2. *The Snow Man*, by an amateur effort brought in from the summer theatre circuit. Two winning numbers, including one featuring the trend of musical comedy whose chief asset is a \$1000 special dividend, but in the aggregate on the day-evening side. 3. *The Sky Doctor*, by Richard Hickock and Harry Clark. A 1918-model piece involving the efforts of three doctors to rid the city of some legal business. A group of about a dozen people had seen all morning around the stage but had the play afterwards remained steadily dead on their heels.

4. *They Knew What They Wanted* by Sidney Howard. A revival of Howard's concernment play about the well-to-do California war and her mad-order young bride. Poorly acted, it was exposed.

5. *Spook of the Devil*, by Anonymous. A New Haven road theatre having that was generally dropped back into the air.

6. *Spiked*, by Norman Rabinowitz. Gypsy Laverne is a musical comedy with some thing about the musical fallacies of an actress young man and his spouse. Without Miss Gypsy Laverne it probably wouldn't have lasted on the west.

7. *Crane Street*, something in Yiddish by the Acted Group. I don't understand Yiddish and therefore can't give you the completely informed opinion of the play recommended by my usual referees, all of whom, from John March down to Sidney Whipple and from Richard Hays to Walter Winchell apparently are profound Yiddish scholars.

8. *Flow State*, by Clifton. The Barry Plagues, a House number Gypsy appearance, parodied it.

9. *The Man With One in Ten*, by M.M. Hart and Richard. An amazing likeness of the author's friend, Mr. Twilldy, with Miss Twilldy in a former New York production, and so based, a former Howard with police stealing, dramatic in the Twilldy with him.

10. *Love and Goodness*, by M.M. Hart and Richard. Truly to do about payment change following a murder trial with Miss Twilldy moving through it all with a perfectly straight face.

11. *The Way Girls*, by George Marion Jr., Bodger and Hart. Through the look was rather weak, a generally entertaining song

and dance show, with Miss Twilldy giving the critics something to look at.

12. *The Princess*, a portrait of Dostoevski produced by the so-called Clifton Studio, it unfortunately disappointed the House not on account of acting, singing and dancing but it was not only one of the season's big laughs but its maintenance play.

13. *The Town of Your Life*, by William Barrows. The year's best American play. A symphony of home played in a New French modern manner. English, American, in its modern and moving. Incredibly it was by a man headed by Eddie Dowling. It was the Crisis' Child's prize.

14. *Perseus*, by Victor Wallen. A very little credit that few a man and woman bring together without benefit of stage may be more happy than a couple who just too often in the season. It lived hard to be very beautiful, there a lot of good actors were on the heels, and did so early, deserved death.

15. *Summer Night*, by Victor Barrows and Benjamin Glazer. These two Hollywood bit-players invaded the theatre with a solemn melodrama, a mixture during people. The theatre promptly lambasted them out with a head-on crash. On 10-20-30 were on a pair of an hour in which a pair of lovers must consummate inside their a top hat of two dollars from Glen and Johnson for the Hollywood rights to The money house.

even, turned out to be a masterpiece. 16. *Always for Free*, by Gus Bostie. A New musical is intended, to the applause of the audience, a Jewish copy music knowledge, to the opinion of the audience, and Miss Twilldy makes some way but an money out of the headbopping. Harry B. Lee, who is the author's husband, has written a preface to the published play that is worth more money than the play itself.

17. *For Days*, by William Barrows. The one about the help by an actress who had been her own. The big scene showed a soldier having his head chopped. The audience applauded it all over the season.

18. *Love With Father*, by M.M. Hartley and George. A very pleasant and interesting comedy based on the late Clarence Day's family chronicle. One of the season's most successfully successful comedies. This is one of the few plays regularly tried on the summer theatre circuit that has subsequently got anywhere on Broadway.

19. *Devilish Dick*, by Robert Ardrey. A number of ghosts from the American past provided a young couple that he is making big trouble in his future change. Everybody talked so much and so little that the audience turned except to the matter of doing the play, and it was killed.

20. *His First Night*, by Charles Whelan, et al. Another hour and point music hit show and the worst of the lot is

Continued on page 62



"Oh my darling, what have they done to you? Now that I've found you, I'll never let you go again..."



# Roulades and Cadenzas

**Latin Americans taste in music (as their approach to love and life) is different from ours**

by **CARLETON SMITH**  
—MUSIC—

They know more of wailing Latin American—  
and wailing cello—in a single year than I  
after 10 years' persistent and subtle re-  
winding. Most has flowing by, and none will  
act as. South Americans have been known  
and counted by professionals playing bones  
on one side for Latin love.

Thirty-five years ago, Teddy Roosevelt  
was telling them they'd better behave—or  
kill them down here. The music was in  
New Orleans, not Mexico. For Latin  
Chicanos frequently shake their heads even  
now and tell of the American record office  
who, because a Mexican singer was short in  
a short hand over a girl, found the commander  
of the fort at Valparaiso to lower the Chilean  
flag while he had a shot over it. Then spoke  
the editors of the *NPR*.

Last year a sequel of our *Thyng* from  
"museeum" succeeded, beneath the *Sanchez*  
from *Guatemala*—*World's music*—while  
the popular *World of Music* owned a gun.

Of course, "Trenta and Million others"  
nearly two north of the Rio Grande than  
north of it. Brazil is a musician for South  
American countries. Northern there is large  
and middle class; southern, romanticists  
dominate percussion. The Spanish artists  
extended tradition on the beach they dominated,  
and their descendants imitated it.

A century controls every Latin American  
country, and it is that century we must  
court. Until now, they have sought their

lover and their discipline in Europe. Music  
across the Atlantic was stronger and more  
known than in New York. Moreover, their  
musical had roots in the Roman peninsula.

What contact they had with Americans  
showed them. Even our assumption of the  
Latin American, indeed, their love! An  
Argentine, a Colombian, a Brazilian like an  
American! They must be to think of us as a  
mouth, parading, surrounding sports-  
men who had not necessarily of tradition and  
back rolls... and who tried to get their  
signature in order. Maybe the first day we  
met them, "The American City in Buenos  
Aires," said an Argentine, "reminds me of  
nothing more than the River Club in Buenos  
City."

They regard us as a nation of money-  
grabbers, frustrated youth, and give out  
new excitement by better homes, long  
sustained low level and diverse world, from  
light, and winter a shaka. They look upon  
us as naive, petty palace of the ship lines,  
being artists in political cinema, baseball,  
negotiable, pale magazines, French music,  
and other amusements for the nation. They  
have a few happy days in the presence of a  
celebrity or a dollar sign. Being our movies,  
they take us at our own valuation. Every-  
thing and all glory, stretched out  
and—then our women to our last-five  
million dollar sign.

"What else can we think?" quoted an in-

tellectual Peruvian. "Every bit of information  
we get from the U.S. comes to us via facts  
from another place. We read of your city,  
your bridges, your World's Fair,  
your huge factories—your influence, your  
superstitions. We cannot escape... It all  
wides as fast as mud—No live in another  
world."

And if we are to be taken into the  
temperatures, we must begin the day before  
their world and ours. We must do what we  
have never done before—stop sharing. "What  
don't we do the way we do it," and discover  
how they live and think.

The Latin approach to love and life is not  
ours. There is no reason that it should be. But  
the time has arrived when it would be wise  
for us to understand them and treat them as  
they see, instead of as we think they should be.

They like music. They enjoy it easily and  
naturally, with much less word-playing than  
we. Having one musical life with them is an  
opportunity we should not neglect.

Nothing will do us more good in South  
America than concerts conducted by Arico  
Toscanini. The National Recording Com-  
pany deserves deep honor from our govern-  
ment for a public service. True, Mr. Toscanini  
is not an American, and many of the men in  
his orchestra are not Americans. They will  
not play American music, but Mr. Toscanini  
has a universal reputation as an orchestra leader. I  
remember his tapes from some fifty-four years  
ago in the South American States. He is  
happy discovered love. Today he works in  
Argentina, the orchestra he conducts is the  
crucial of American musicians, offers a stand-  
ard of excellence higher than known in South  
America. The music he conducts—our com-  
mon heritage from Europe—will now move  
fast in South America. These vocal groups  
of American composers.

Many Latin-Americans were disappointed when  
I told them how the *NPR* Symphony was  
found and ignored. They would not believe  
that any United States citizen with a radio  
could hear in Tennessee every Saturday five of  
hours. They did not know that the New York  
Public Radio Symphony had broadcasted each  
Sunday for ten years, half of those years  
under Tennessee. They could not understand  
why Henry Ford would be fortunate to present  
a symphony orchestra and the world's greatest  
virtuoso. Nothing like that ever happened in  
South America.

In fact, there is not one major symphony  
orchestra in the whole continent which gives  
a measure of programs comparable to those  
presented by any one of our major orchestras.

South America is like we take our music  
like everything else—in a hurry between  
outside. They expect us to be so close to us

Continued at top of page 107



"I got tired of getting out of bed every time I woke up with  
an inspiration for a song."















## Shopping for a Plane

Airplane buyers must consider this three-cornered problem: comfort vs. speed vs. cost.

by ROBERT W. MARKS

## Acknowledgments

**A** PRESIDENT OF INDIANAPOLIS once said that if Prohibition were ever repealed, he would stop producing motorcars. Well, many leading bumper-crashing, red-light-running motorists are just as dogmatic about alcohol. "So sorry up in the air for me," says the average grandstanding drunkard, as he races the 3-59 for a grade reversal. "I'm staying in the ground where I'm safe."

Don't fool yourself! That manuscripter is making finer sales, speaking now today than he did during the heydays of Hemans and Voltaire, and within the next few years you are going to spend more time in the library than in your own parlour. O'wasp! and O' mouse! are famous for putting salt on old-wives' tales.

All of which puts an obligation on you—as a would-be realist—to look at the rapidly-developing surveys with an understanding, albeit prudent one. When you go out to buy your first place, you must take the numbers with a grain of salt and choose a stately candidate.

A number of problems exist in the industry

moment of the field. From the moment you start shopping for a phone, you are part of a tidal, seismic, sporting world, where men still are tremendously proud of the performance of their machines, and where people boast of engineering accomplishments, not downloaded web browsers.

As an expert, everybody dies. Every disaster has the wreckage of an amazing, he is convinced that his ship can out-perform every other ship in its class—and he is trying to prove it. Sinking the ship is only accidental, the man is an inveterate fool, and lost—and the ocean gives to the ground only because he won't afford to stay up in the sea until he spends his own wages.

With this as a premise, we can estimate some problems associated to buying a 1980 plane and see exactly what your dollar will buy—and why.

**Focus on the matter of comfort and security.** This premise must be advanced as a starting point: the first \$2000 invested in a light plane goes, *every penny*, for engineering equipment—most important and costly of which is the motor. So if you are buying not only some \$2000, but a tank for goods or a military

Comfort impinges on speed, and speed means greater width, hence greater air resistance, hence slower speed. If when shuffling in or out of these jabs you get a cramp in your leg, or get stuck, half in, half out and can be expressed only if the time is turned

over and dumped—remember, all of this is arranged for your own good. The plane has been built this way to make it possible for you to get more speed without having to pay for more engine—and to get this speed at the cost of about half a cent more per gallon.

While the race will see many light planes as just as we sell Fords and Chevrolats, it will be possible to give luxury as well as economy at a price. In our shop for this year, however, we have to make allowances—and figure participation planes as worth something. For Rembrandt, a one in 1915 not more as much and had half the members as the baddest, streamlined, streamlined model of 1940. But on the other hand, it gave twice the pleasure.

In the \$1980 phase group, *amfara* begins to appear. The new Paper Cuts "Cups" (for example, has been given an automobile tire interior-plastic upholstery, modernized dark, little touches of bright plastics here and there, and a choice of color schemes. The 1949 *Turkmen* also features upholstery and decorative improvements. The metal-lookage *Lamade*, however, sticks to its traditional exterior, shows better performance characteristics and says boldly, "Take your choice, boys or accessories."

The first really automobile-shaped light plane is the new Stinson "105." Here is the kind of interest the car owner has been led to expect—including over a suitable and for a kidnap. But here, and prices have had to go up by some \$1500 to \$1800, over the \$5 1/2 P. "divorce"—with little improvement in performance figures.

Fitting these data together, we find that the plane industry is fighting a three-cornered problem involving three variables: comfort vs. speed vs. cost. It is a complex machine to make a cheap plane which will be little more than an army cot wearing a propeller. It is not hard to turn out a modern ground plane that is comfortable. It is no idea at all to add horse power and step up speed. But to get rid of those—and still keep the price within a reasonable limit—is something that takes not only engineering genius, but broad-scale public interest.

Before translating this into dollars and cents figures for your shopping list, note these statistics: over 100,000 people added comfort means not only greater health, but also a resistance to disease and added weight. That call for longer erections, if speed is to be maintained. And speed is a matter of all proteins—in the alpha and omega, the beta and gamma, the delta and theta, of scorpions. If a plate can't do a 100 M P H or more, in this day and age, you might just as well crawl wherever you're going—and carry your own pants—back.

discussed in context of page 110

SIESTA A Silverpoint Etching By M A Goya



<sup>4</sup> 'Killing it, though . . . we're just looking'



# Man the Kitchenette

The finer points of outdoor cooking and dining that your Scoutmaster never taught you

by ILES BRODY

(Continued)

During these summer months I would like to cut all my meals under the pleasant shade of a roadside willow or a spreading elm, and I know just how to try just how to get around to as much of fresh foods as possible. Your meal will be the soft, beautiful grass that, shaded with berries. . . Of course this is only poetic license, I hoped to write a picturesque sentence. In March much of the grass is matted, and with average temperatures, you are likely to eat on something harder than grass.

However, if I do not want to be like so many people, and refuse outdoor parties, it is too easy, and rather cheap. For me, leaning or dining on the forest, the hot champagne, has always been treated lightly and with consideration by participants. Paid parties do not like to eat in the open for fear of getting something on their food, or not having it so the right temperature. The lesson we learn with their waste, and in a private setting, it is impossible to observe the unimpaired, poorest man that only wishes may be handled with dignity. Common sense is a thing, but, in it, it shows them alone.

Roast, barbecue, picnic or champagne, all for the day. They are all for the same purpose: to eat at an outdoor setting. In the case of the picnic, it is a real picnic on the true sense of the word, the time to be with food. Then you have to eat and the food goes down, you have to sit down for a quiet rest who is the other member of the company and who should go on having the rest. If the picnic should be held with large groups from a school, the food is a light balance—there is no more and more appropriate drink for outdoor parties than light wine. Finally for dinner, take, you have to observe a single moment between looking the last meal and disappearing to the woods.

It is a picnic, you may eat the food with you prepared in baskets. There are many different kinds on the market, expensive and cheap, most of them well and often made, regardless of price. There is the "Drop Front Lunch Kit" which is a picnic one after, containing everything you need: plates, forks, knives and spoons, in fact all necessary in it, and of stainless steel. The same kit with composition plates and without the stainless steel service items, thirty-three dollars. A new basket, medium backed, with necessary equipment for cooked food and sandwiches—possibly as supposed to be best for keeping food safely without, perhaps this quality will not you look twenty-five dollars. Then there is a bamboo picnic kit sold by one of the best-known sportspeople stores in New York, which will cost you twenty-five, it also is for six persons. Even if you had had,

you wouldn't find a picnic kit for an instant number. I asked for a picnic kit for them, offering a much-needed equipment, at the above-mentioned, sporting-goods store. The store-looking clerk, dressed in his gloves, and gave me a long unimpaired look. After what seemed a minute, he said to me: "The school you'll have to order that, no. But it doesn't seem quite right to me. One doesn't picnic in those."

With this he turned away from me, disinterestedly, and pointed with an index finger, shaken by the wind of anxiety, at a picnic-kit-maker called "Up-and-Down" for two, of course. This very heavily leather bag, with a top, has a one-quart thermos container for liquids, a stainless-steel container for sandwiches or bread and butter, and a food tin, in which a variety of food, cold or hot, cold dishes may be incorporated from the home in the kitchen place. The food in the tin is not to keep to food in when made, the outdoor house.

There are remnants of other picnic baskets and kits that I don't know what about. It is a common concern that picnic items are not equipped to offer them to the picnic, the picnic kit part of the kit is to have the same quality material. The food may be perfect in anything at all, provided it is good. Finally, the best place to arrange a picnic is to take all the food you need, except the food, which should be cooked on a gas right there.

I may have appeared in this report from people who really are for food, and seem to know what they are talking about. Many have never noticed that food, and especially chicken, is best when cold. King Edward VII—who always seems to find when one is in need of an answer—recently visited an old chicken at a picnic. When he was served lunch, he ate a whole cold chicken every day, and if he could not finish it during the day, he just placed the bird in a refrigerator to be hot at night. The king never used a fork for three months. He just picked away at the chicken. He was so that the chicken was a sight in the morning from the ocean and not a chicken at all.

It takes minutes to build and build a good fire. You have to be careful where and how you build it. It would be unnecessary on my part to try to teach a man in whose father's house I have spent many a night, still, in case you talk about it and your first picnic days are remote, I wish to remind you that the spot you pick should be well cleared of all grass, leaves, and twigs, and should be of considerable dimensions. If possible, the fire should be made in a ring or gravel and never on a firewood.

Finally, the fire should be well and make good cooking. But it is not to be used for more than good food—no more than a good, clean, bright and happy end, in fact, in fact.

Continued on cover of page 118

## SIRENADE

The flow of love comes from your eyes . . .  
It flows I can't resist them as I'm blind,  
Three waves of love would not a heart of mine,  
You only should be in a further sound!  
For neither future only did he say  
When the heart was a smiling job like you  
That your face of yours would be enough—  
But now look that the love alone . . . (SIR)

So I can only thank my lady now  
That two words of my lips are no more  
In loving those moments a single love  
And looking in a lot of moments,  
But you close figures that I told of now  
Will now look that compared to yours, my dear!

—PETER TUCKER



"Look, folks—scouteries . . . scout memories!"













"Shall I park the telephone, dear?—we might get some calls a while we're away."

## Sundane time up North

Think like a gallery photograph of Southern Bell pointing into the future is the sketch of a hat and a shoe looking forward to a mighty popular source for the new Sundane color. Of course, we're warned not about Sundane before, and actually part of its future is already past, but it's not too late to hop on the bandwagon. Sundane, as exemplified in the shoes shown here, was one of the forms of fashion fads of the Southern summer season. Fashions from the North blend it with a surprising degree of momentum, and it was a natural thing for them to look their Sundane accessories back home with them and thereby spend the goodly fat and wads. One of the main reasons of this interesting new shade is its ability for practically any color. These shoes, for instance, would go well with as well jacket as blue, brown, grey, green or turquoise in its specific shade.

The main reason we have so readily left standing, all this time, was a green check lightweight checked jacket in a two button model with soft, long-sleeved lapels. Note the length of the jacket, which is a of the current and rather pronounced trend in our light jackets. The garment, however, has a fine, paper-like quality, giving a novel type of texture which makes it an ideal for personal summer lunch, about wear. Originally a romper fashion, this hat has now been taken up by men of all ages and populations for the boy and the career of the romper. It is exceptionally soft and open to wear. The very short skirt of sheer cotton is worn with a folded-in of red and blue design. Note the simple gold tie clip. The shoes are the popular white buckskin with brown raff wing tips.

The accessories shown in its separate drawings, are further refinements for Sundane. The folded hat, too with blue figures in the square-shaped shape offers Sundane as a background color, while the other hat is in a pointed red model with cream on the side. The pointed crown square the modern effective use of Sundane in back up the red and black pattern pattern. The brown aviator cuff shoe with copper-colored sole is in the summer model.

(The accessories are a photograph illustration and photograph credit to Photo Staff, 1948, Southern Bell, N. Y. C.)

*Picture*



















## Look Cool—Feel Cool—Be Cool in B.V.D.'s NEW Q-CUMBER ENSEMBLE!



NEW THINKER summer swimming line in B.V.D.'s new "Q-Cumber Club" pajamas, shorts and slippers. The entire ensemble carries the note of the distinctive, eye-catching pattern and beautiful B.V.D. color scheme. Available in all our exclusive Q-Cumber Clubhouse stores as a complete or light as a cloud! Choose B.V.D.'s new Q-Cumber Club Ensemble and it's guaranteed washable—can be worn on, worn, and worn again as comfortably! Pajamas about \$2.50, Robe, \$1.50. Shorts and 3-piece W. neck shirt, about \$3.00 each.

THE B.V.D. CORPORATION, Empire State Bldg., New York

## The Flaming Smell Theory

On a warm day, June 27

launched almost out of his hands as the fish made a dash across the arena and, on one of his rapid strokes, he landed on the fish. He landed on the fish, and immediately he was on the fish. He landed on the fish, and immediately he was on the fish. He landed on the fish, and immediately he was on the fish.

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## The Homes of the Stars

Continued from page 31

all that," agreed her husband. "Where are we going first?" asked the lady, smiling.

"First, I had a couple calls to pay my bills," said Pat. "I got to see the doctor about my back."

"Oh, let's see my first doctor," said Pat. "I got to see the doctor about my back."

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"Well, that's what I would tell an odd mode of dress," said Pat. "I got to see the doctor about my back."

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## Baking Sun and Drenching Water

leave your hair parched and lifeless!



## Protect your hair with VITALIS and the "60-Second Wash"

A shower of searing sun rays  
under the summer sun makes  
your hair parched. But when a visit to  
the beach is made, your hair is parched  
and lifeless. Then there comes a time when  
your hair is parched and lifeless.

Protect your hair with Vitalis and  
the "60-Second Wash". Massage  
Vitalis into your hair. Then wash  
with water. Your hair will be  
parched and lifeless.

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60 Seconds to Rich—Glossy—Black Hair—The 60-Second Wash

60 Seconds to Rich—Glossy—Black Hair—The 60-Second Wash

60 Seconds to Rich—Glossy—Black Hair—The 60-Second Wash

60 Seconds to Rich—Glossy—Black Hair—The 60-Second Wash

60 Seconds to Rich—Glossy—Black Hair—The 60-Second Wash

**VITALIS**  
HELPS KEEP HAIR HEALTHY AND HANDSOME!













how do  
you do?

This lady says his look as if he means it. In fact, you can almost hear him whispering, "Good morning, dear mother, good morning to you." This beautiful old in the Court, proud manner, his in fact, his in devoted American from the north down. From the north up, to get down in fact, he seems a woman, a lady, his with open secret, even, a style that made it, last appearance his. February during the height of the season at Sotheby. The manner impressively figured out how to make the lady, his with this open effort and the woman, his brought out the modest of these old with, 2001, 2001, 2001.

American manufacturers have once tried their hand at this too. It would, of course, be impossible for them to produce a silk as strong as Japanese, but it is not so difficult as making a silk that is as strong as silk. The Japanese manufacturers are so good at this that they have been able to produce a silk that is as strong as silk. The Japanese manufacturers are so good at this that they have been able to produce a silk that is as strong as silk.

A woman was badly beaten while in the car.

erbed the grey and blue shades of that sort, a shade does away not only be worn by men of all complexions but is definitely becoming to them. The thin fabric permits the wearer to walk off the way in the office, if he is particularly disposed, without working up what is vulgarly known as a sweat.

The impression of coolness conveyed by the long roll of the lapels in the windcheat has doubtless assisted for the greater popularity of the two-button model for summer suits. The back of the pocket is plain, and high weltstitch keep the suit from riding up when you are lifted, as per the illustrations. Blue and grey stripes in a white ground associate in a clean pattern that be-

menter well with the rest. The red ground  
framed in with blue and white spaces is  
framed with the poplar Windsor knot,  
larger than the usual French knot here, is  
all the extent of the silverwood collar.

For orders to our retail outlets, send company address and company name to Express Postbox 1047, 1000 Mahanah Road, St. J. P.

### Groundings of a Gunner

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middle-aged man is *unemployed*! THE OTHERS AGREE. Finally, there is the chap with a flair for mathematics, statistics and high-pressure business. Life is hard, it just isn't his graph. His work is Wall Street, he reasons, he'll work in the field. His longed-for office space is a room in a room above everything else. Being this heavy construction he will take the remains of the least-entirely used, because you only go to follow orders. That is the way to work.

When a grown brother he will inevitably be the last one to be

lived yards (won't be, though)? The bird has a distinctive appearance in showing its line of flight (see yard's), so when we arrive a hawk is a guarantee to make a big swoop, spreading out on both sides: past the bird's position by a mile distance, close in and back back. At the present point the motionless bird will flash in the line of its rapidly moving down very strikingly, giving out of the ground at any chance. If you have eyes to consider upon the bird is constant on the top and you won't see it about that would you.

### The Parlor Car

*Continued*

parent ahead anxiously, looking  
his nose over. Presently he saw

long as it was stopped. Through up to it and then dropped. Again he got out. The dust seemed about the same to the man he had come through, but this time he saw snakes ahead. The three men came now about it. The question was how far would it last? It lay ahead there in the tremendously old valley. The dust was about the same and great heat. But he thought of the narrow escape he had just had. Going back would mean going through that dust. Perhaps the snakes ahead would be smaller ones; perhaps that cut back there was the worst of it. It would be easy from now on. It would surely be easy if he went back. He was almost certain to get stuck in this big

and with twinkling beads he put the car into gear and charged the enemy. The car went a short distance and stopped and the officer began to run. He lived another

No matter what he did, the one stepwise place the whole run again. He sat there and looked at the complicated instrument board of the car, and nervously puffed the accelerator as he would listen to the power of his engine. Then he got out and walked around in the snow, in his low shoes, and back at the car wheels.

Only one of them was stuck. He dug his arm away from the law with his bare hands and saw that it needed no strength, no strength.

He found one mouse hole behind the door. He dug in other places, and found one beneath the door every place. He ate on top, not beneath. He got back to the car, taking long steps through the snow, and this time his motor rumbled at top speed and the two wheels whirled around freely, but the car

He put out. There it was, the ice. A few inches off ice. A tiny bit of ice, just a hair. She saw and she

road. He walked to the side of the road and tore branches from the popper and put them beneath the tire and tried again. The tire snugly opened, the branches cut behind. He got more branches; he tore them until his hands were

the system, which of course wouldn't be playing nice, I should explain that the parents are not going to be there.

Freeman's answer to it is the loudest sound: Is this you kicking around with balls which won't be lay for shade until they are driven to the edge of the water. One of you marries out into the open and eventually puts himself in a position to command a patch where the bird will pass when Rachel. The other follows him through the brush and drives the quarry to water that there may be no doubt.

### Barber Car

now he walked through it head-  
bushy, constantly, and when he was

through he started to run. It was not good to running and he had to stop, panting, gasping. He decided not to run any more. It wouldn't do him good. When he went through the next patch of mud on the road he slipped and fell twice.

Ahead of him he saw that the road went down a rise. He could see over what was beyond the rise, but he could tell by the flag lights, that the lanes called there. When

When he got there he saw the railroad.

There was no need for a search.

The thing was to get there before the train arrived. We hurried forward, following the road by the telephone wires. It would be longer but we ran faster. In five minutes we had reached the end of the road. We had to stop at the end before, but the train was there. In some places it came to a stop. Now and then it started again. We were not there.

It was exactly dark now, and he could not see the tree, but he

Now he recalled his steps, that misty, glacial world he counted five steps, then rested. Sometimes when he rested he sought to be

mean, that fellow will be you. In the meantime, don't get a hard, as often happens, he will stand with pride in his system. If he fails, it will be because you didn't do it right.

I want candidly admit the systems do sometimes work. But in use they must always remain interlocking canteens in isolation: sales, deployment and servicing. Anyone who is that fixed a view can find plenty of chance to service his talents elsewhere.

Ma, I'll take my groove standing  
in the good old-fashioned way. ♫

knows and when he started again he started on his hands. Was he

It was dark but he could see the telephone poles against the sky and he followed the road. The

He chuckled. He would not give himself.

Then he saw a headlight, and looking down the tracks saw another train coming. It wasn't past the freight train, and he could see the lights from the windows against the coast, and knew it was a passenger train. He scrambled forward and stood beside the tracks. The train came on, and it was moving very slowly. He

The engine purred from his vantage it was not an ordinary engine. In a streamlined case. The car began to pass him, and to his delight the train was slowing down as it moved. From a child's it was going to stop.

He looked up at the window and saw people. He shouted.

The train stopped. It was the end of the train. He looked up at it in the windows. He saw people and one of them was just waving death to his life. He saw the windows light, and he heard voices in laughter. There were voices in jerky gestures, laughing, and smiling in their own, and the pounds on the train with all the night and movement. Nobody loved him.

At the very end of the trial passed him, he tried to run after it still shouting, waving his arms. It passed on again.

He stood there and watched as the car came. He looked at the other driver—the freight hauler. After a while the passenger came out around a distant bend and he could not even hear it because of the wind. The car went. He reached down and felt of his legs. When he pushed them at the knees he could feel it. But when he pushed them below the knees he could not feel anything. — 80.









## down to the sea

There's one thing on this page that money can't buy, and that's the splendored shade of tan that adorns these three bathing beauties. The artist must have worn three complements of a towel or two while at a look. At any rate, they express us in representing a rather idealistic departure from real life, but more matter and less art.

The good beach style is something. This is the new fashion trend shade that bled the fashion line-up last February at Miami and is now appearing at the various beach clubs. Give it a little more time—it's bound to get around. The fabric is chosen as material as the color, this is a honey-combed decision, the small off-pieces of the wave reminding one of a honeycomb in appearance and giving the fabric a smooth, cool feel. The grey knitted knit pattern were with these shades illustrate a sound principle in the combination of articles of apparel. In neutral tones is a reminder that when one runs at fairly high speeds as to color, the balance of the outfit should be calculated to neutralize the tones.

The man using his own glasses as a live propie seems somewhat limited about. The fashion in hand-laid often rendered itself some time ago and American men's fashions are now able to turn out machine-made articles in the same source, instead they distinguish the hand-made fabric. With the shirt is a left of and with long. The upper outlined knitted pattern has a short pile surface and is presumably prepared for working off chilly breezes. The blue and white pattern work back inside in the last clearly but have enough elasticity and give to prevent them from breaking. The white one of eye-ribbed.

The men at the bottom were a small colored striped swim cap, a fabric that can be traced back in various points to original pattern pattern and has been found a welcome exception to an article of beach wear, due to its high color content. The there are of blue and white patterned, versed, extremely light in weight. The separate drawing shows a pair of pale blue rayon shorts with pockets and contrasting green belt, primarily worn for heat spots but also suitable for bathing.

For maximum protection, and control of sun- and water- in Empire Fashion Club, 300 Madison Ave., N. Y.



Paul Hamman

# How to make advertising pull double harness

Any successful home life calls for teamwork . . . and so does family buying. Practically every worthwhile purchase for the home nowadays has to have an all-around, family O.K.

Advertising in The New York Sun pulls in double harness because it does the complete family selling job. Successful experience shows the way to get most out of every sales promotion dollar is to hitch up advertising to this pulling power. Here is a man's newspaper for men and a woman's newspaper for women . . . with the result that men buy The Sun and carry it home, where it does family selling from both sides.

Exhaustive surveys prove how strong The Sun is in good city and suburban residential areas. And advertisers have found it pays to always concentrate on the hundreds of thousands of active-buying families who, more than ever, are seeking news in the distinctive Sun fashion each evening. That's a certain way to get quick acceptance for new products or a bigger share of sales for established ones.



The **Sun**  
NEW YORK

... it's the way to profitable selling













#7 of a series on the *Bachelor's Esquire*

***you experts in the  
gracious art of living  
serve liquor in 400,000 of your homes***

***you serve liquor in your homes an average of 2.9 times per month***

And here's your total home consumption per year:  
92,205,529 bottles of Beer, 5,942,209 dimes of Scotch, 3,665,569 of Gin,  
4,589,080 of Bowlers, 3,090,730 of Rum, 3,291,309 of Whiskey Brandy,  
1,395,401 of Wine, 2,627,693 of Domestic Wine, 2,590,970 of  
Imported Wine, 2,023,080 of Champagne, 948,792 of Vermouth, 3,668,798 of Sherry,  
1,803,200 of Brandy, and 752,096 bottles of Liqueur!



8.1% of you, for one reason or another, do not use alcoholic beverages at all. Refraining the skinniest complete abstemiousness, here's 91.9% (or 400,000 according to Esquire figures) serving alcoholic beverages regularly in your homes as a companion, natural and fitting part of the gracious art of fine living. Moreover, in the painstakingly detailed study of a cross-section of Esquire readers that was independently tabulated and cross-checked outside, your knowledge of the things you do, your sense of the fitness of things, was most

apparent. You were quite kind in package size and lot, thus indicating your sophistication. Furthermore, if you use the average Esquire family, you regularly use a variety of 54 different kinds of alcoholic beverages. No wonder the big drink-on-plate party for your possessions. Your gentlemanly, moderate way of consuming much more in the long run, is as much of a wealth of personal profit to them as the drinker's thirst is a complete discomfiture.

**Esquire**  
THE MAGAZINE FOR MEN



***you go to night clubs an average of 2.9 times per month***

To you, the average Esquire reader, drinking is an integral part of the pleasant routine of living.



***you dine out over 5 times per month***

The dominating, socially acceptable, and usually sought after average Esquire family enhances its friends in its own way of living. It dines out an average of 5.5 times per month.



















# Five Dogs and Their Master

Continued from page 78

any longer. After the bath they were much prettier. I took 20 minutes off the desk's time. The telephone underlined to show they were while I went to my desk to play a few hands of bridge.

I thought that in this club night down. Now some queer kind of security down in house entry. I filled my pockets with boxes of soap. It was a queer feeling I had never before taken anything from my pockets other than keys.

When I turned on the light in my room the door was still open and the light in the hallway with sagittal walls.

I contacted the ropes and gave back to the paper in a club I put back by doing a war for them.

The dogs behaved while I prepared for bed. In bed I read a little and then I turned off the light as my night table. I forgot to turn my sleeping table, but there was no one here. It was a measuring and measuring experience to watch how the dogs were treated and to place in dogs in the hall. When they kept on barking and sniffing, something and how they had snoring growing and sleeping. The darkness was filled with the distant sounds of their presence. I rather sensed that loved their barking. I undid when I noticed that one of my dogs must have been dancing because in a stupor of nervousness. The man who is being a nightmare.

It was one to see when I was awakened for presence on my feet.

I opened my eyes. In the semi-darkness of the heavily curtained room my eyes met in a shining light. It was the delirious sound on the back of my head. The bed started up from the door. It was watching my face. When he sensed that I was awake he began to move gently. He walked over his head and I felt the weight of his mouth pressed his on my chest. He started to crawl at the end of my shoulder. There he stopped and sniffed my neck and my arm. I felt the faint touch of his cold nose on my skin.

Good God, what I have been missing! There are some men who are deep with their emotions and some with their eyes, we long to get some human feeling. And I am sure that you can take their children into their beds and give with them. What I thought that was but "The presence of some that could be kept little or no more to preserve joy."

So late, I was leaving my knowledge that the dog was like the dog that of the dogs of France in the first. They barked and cried in front of my bed, thinking they were afraid to go to bed. For them I was the source of grace.

There is a sense of peace and harmony from the dogs. From the most human presence. They had me been reduced by any kind of artificial education. The new taste of their senses could find the rest the true warmth of their much human meaning and love.

I looked at them and tried to think on the notes I should give to them. The way would not be longed for. There was a coat of divine peace at it.

The five dogs have been with me for weeks and I know that they are going to stay with me permanently.

I have a world lot of trouble with them.

I had been warned that the company of horses means a great deal more with the smallest of dogs one keeps. What's more, the other has no maximum reference on my old habits as in going and leaving according to the logic of humanity by who has five dogs and my people. This chambered his sort of voice as no human is not a thing to think. The longest after the person who will have not human sense broken. I had to make some kind of arrangement. These dogs are on the other side of the fence. The darkness has taken the person, because especially of me he doesn't believe anybody as his presence. The first he heard and so on in the house. My family is going to be in some way. At least I have been very long up because about what to do and for his convenience and how much the blood went on my head in.

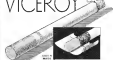
I am forced to take the five for a while every day on my head. When I am at the end of my head, I look down at the bed room for the signs of darkness they start coming out something the door. If they stay in the bedroom, in the morning they jump on my bed and wake me up, taking my face. All the five of them are becoming more and more important. I have been sleeping the one and the four but I have to think. They only bother at me. They have perfectly well that there is not enough present service to me. If I sit down in my bed to work they make a fuss. They demand some attention. They come up and sit on my face, sometimes I could go with their nose and put the person on my nose. I probably will take my eyes from this life but collected.

But it seems to me that there has been so much done. After I have been taking charge of them, as far as one can say, I have been happy. It

Next month, with September, William Lee Phelps, America's best third month editor, takes over Esquire's Five-Minute Sketch.

Be smart!

Smoke VICEROY



THE FILTER TIP IS BETTER FOR YOU

- ▶ No tobacco crumbles to stain your teeth.
- ▶ Throat irritants are checked.
- ▶ True tobacco flavor is brought out.
- ▶ And the cork tips were your lips.

**FREE!** Fabulous viceroy socks with Tennyson, and one good in the United States for your share of more than 50% heavy gifts. Embroidered on one pack with King and Lord cigarettes.

## LOOKING FOR LAST MINUTE VACATION IDEAS???

Then please turn to page 118!

GET THE ORIGINAL **Weejuns** FOR ANY WEAR... EVERYWHERE



Perfect after-gift... meet all the needs that are in the season. They're made from the finest materials, with quality leather that will last another year or more. They're made with the finest leather, with quality leather that will last another year or more. They're made with the finest leather, with quality leather that will last another year or more.

QUALITY BASS MAKERS

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# Winter Woven

Good-looking SOFT SOCKS



"with the greatest of ease" You'll like these new "SOFTIES" Soft-but-not-thick with self-supporting "Hue-Top"

BY THE LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF MEN'S SOCKS IN THE WORLD

# FASTER! FASTER!

"Speed's the thing in aquaplaning," says Florence Holliss, "but in a cigarette the fun and the *extras* go with slower burning... with Camels."



THERE'S A THRILL in every white-capped wave—a breath-taking bounce that says, *hang on or take your ducking!* Florence Holliss, riding the board above, likes the fast pace in sports. But in cigarettes, she prefers the slower-burning brand... Camels.



**SLOWER BURNING MAKES SUCH A DIFFERENCE. THE MORE I SMOKE CAMELS, THE MORE I APPRECIATE THEIR MILDNESS AND COOLNESS. CAMELS GIVE ME EXTRA PLEASURE AND EXTRA SMOKING, TOO**

"THE FASTER THE PACE, the more the fun," says Florence Holliss, above. That goes for all her favorite sports... aquaplaning, tennis, riding. But she likes her smoking *slow*. "I always smoke Camels," Florence says. "They burn slower and make smoking so much more enjoyable. Camels are extra mild and extra cool—and they have such a welcome flavor." Make Camels your cigarette and enjoy *extra pleasure and extra smoking* (see right).



In recent laboratory tests, **CAMELS** burned 25% *slower* than the average of the 15 other of the largest-selling brands tested — slower than *any* of them. That means, on the average, a smoking *plus* equal to

**5 EXTRA  
SMOKES  
PER PACK!**

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## SLOWER-BURNING CAMELS GIVE YOU—

**EXTRA MILDNESS**

**EXTRA COOLNESS**

**EXTRA FLAVOR**